1d

A Dreadful Account of a

no. 26

Barbarous Bloody Murther:

Committed on the

Body of one Mr. Cymball,

t his own Houſe, in *Old Soho*; On the 31ſt. of *January*, 1694. by a Perſon, who under pretence of coming to pay him a Viſit, and after having been very well Treated, Surprizingly gave him divers Mortal Wounds; in the preſence of his Wife and Siſters, (of which he immediately Dyed,) and then made his Eſcape: The whole Proceeding on this Bloody Act, being very Cruel and Inhumane; As will appear in the Relation of it.

1. Febr. 169 4/5 Licenſed according to Order.

SUCH Is the wicked Inclinations, and Depravity of ſome Men's Nature, that the Bloody mindedneſs of divers Perſons in their Miſchiefs, and Tragical dealings, even Startle Underſtanding Men in their Thoughts, and Conſideration of a Repoſing a Truſt, as not being able to look into the Intentions of ſuch as Guild over a plauſible Friendſhip, with Flattering Proteſtations; whilſt Fraud, or the Rankeſt of Malice, like a Poiſonous Serpent Lurks under their feighned Smiles. Such was the Misfortune of this Gentleman, who inſtead of Entertaining a Friend, Surprizingly met with a Death, he little ſuſpected from ſuch a Hand.

This Gentleman (of whoſe Name we are yet Ignorant) on the 31ſt. of *January*, coming to Viſit Mr. *Cymball*, at his Houſe in *Old Soho*; and being known to him, he was welcomed, with all becoming Civility; Accommodated with Wine and other Treatments, ſo that in a kind of a Merryment ſome Hours paſſed till it grew very Late. The Concern of their Meeting ſeems to be about Buſineſs, as appears by a Writing, ſaid to be Signed by the Deceaſed; and the Common Diſcourſe is, That it was a Will, but as to that particular we determine not, without better Information.

But to come nearer, and open the Tragical Scene; whether about Affairs of Buſineſs, ſome Heats might ariſe that might carry the Edg of Fatal Miſchief in them; or otherwiſe is not greatly Material to our Enquiry, ſo we leave it to a more Judicial Scrutiny, and proceed to Matter of Fact.

After

After the Watch had passed by the Door of this Gentleman, and were not very far distant from it; some People that were Neighbours heard a Confused Voice, supposed to be that of the Murther'd Party and the Women present Crying, *Murther*, *Murther*, and Imploring Help.

The Watch upon this were Alarm'd, but before they could come up, or Enter the House, Mr. *Cymball*, too Fatal Guest was Flea'd and left him Gasping his Last: His Life hastily passing away, through many Mortal Wounds; which nothing but a Cruel, or Inraged Hand could have so often Repeated; when a far less Number in all probability would have sent him to his Grave, and there needed not so many Gaps to let in Death. Therefore to Enumerate them shows the Inhumanity of the Inflictor of them.

Weltering in his Blood, they could not be particularly distinguished but the Body being Cleansed from it, and Exposed to View, His Right Shoulder was found to have a Wound, that seemed to be torn with the Sword, as if a piece of Flesh was Cut out. Two Wounds were made in his Breast, one on his Right Side; his Left Arm pierced almost through: Another Wound he had on the Left Side his Left Hand Run through his Right Hand; supposed in Defending his Body, or Extended to Implore Mercy from his pretended Friend, but now Merciless Enemy was Cut between the Finger and Thumb, and otherways very much mangled; his Chin received a part of Dire Execution, and amidst these many Wounds he Breathed his Last; and was Exposed as a Misserable Spectacle of Cruel usage, the following Day to the pitying Spectators; whose Tears at such an Object of Compassion could hardly be Restrained.

Upon this, those that were present, *Viz.* The Women (the Party who is held Actually to do it, being Escaped, as far as we can hitherto have any Account of him) are secured in order to their further Examination before the *Corroners* Inquest; or what other Matters may be Objected to them in this Matter: Nor is it doubted but the Grand Agressor, may in a little time be brought to Answer for so Monsterous a Crime of Late, without Parrallel or Precedent.

Some say, he has sent by an unknown Hand, a Letter to the New Widow, to Condole the Loss of Her Husband, and Express his Sorrow; but whether so or no, so Great a Guilt deserves Floods of unfeighned Tears, to Attone Heaven's Impendent Vengeance.

F I N I S.

London, London Printed for *B. Lyford.* 1695.